

Free Quebec

short and confines itself almost entirely to one character. This is "Buke" Beukes, full-time underground organizer in Cape Town where the statue of Rhodes points "north towards the segregated law stories: Yonder lies your hinterland". Mr La Guma does not pay much attention to exploring Beukes's psyche. He is defined by his actions, a type, a man of great integrity and real courage if little imagination. He organizes his clandestine activity possible in police state countries: distributing pamphlets and helping to smuggle out of the country men prepared to topple the government by force.

Mr La Guma's prose is usually spare and deft. He tells it like it is but is capable of using imagination, and of using imagination, and of illuminating his grim scene with wit and irony. He notes the callous signs that underline the horror of South Africa: "P. van der Merwe, Nieuwburg Crossing Ahead" and "P. Chikara, en under sixteen and non-Whites". But his ear for dialogue is even more acute, recording sensitively the idioms and peculiarities of political Cape Town, bringing alive one character, Tommy, by his speech alone.

Mr La Guma knows about the forces of autumn; let us hope he survives to write about the South African spring.

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THAMES AND HUDSON

Continued on opposite page

The Chinese cracker of Cliveden

CHRISTOPHER SYKES:

Nancy
543pp. Collins. £3.95.

den. He and the Astors visited the Soviet Union in 1931, one of the great comic episodes of our time. Shaw claimed to have been a Marxist socialist for sixty years, though it is clear that he did not have much idea what this meant. Having praised Stalin, he went on to praise Mussolini and Hitler, in the latter of whom he discovered "the greatest living Tory" with *Mein Kampf* as "really one of the world's best books". Though Shaw was a vegetarian and a teetotaler, he liked the good things of life. No doubt Nancy's principal attraction for him was that she was a very rich woman.

Wealth was not of course Nancy's only asset, though it enabled her to use her other gifts. Shaw said after a visit to Cliveden that he had spent Sunday with a volcano. Nancy Astor was not big enough to be a volcano. She was a Chinese cracker, discharging sparks in all directions. Some of them were dazzling, some merely painful. When she proposed to write her autobiography, one of her sons suggested that it should be called *Guilty but Insane*. The remark was not spoken altogether in jest. In public, rudeness was Nancy's principal stock-in-trade. At election meetings she could shout down and silence the most persistent heckler. In Parliament she maintained a stream of interruptions. Some of them relevant, many were not. In public, rudeness was Nancy's principal stock-in-trade. At election meetings she could shout down and silence the most persistent heckler. In Parliament she maintained a stream of interruptions. Some of them relevant, many were not. In public, rudeness was Nancy's principal stock-in-trade. At election meetings she could shout down and silence the most persistent heckler. In Parliament she maintained a stream of interruptions. Some of them relevant, many were not.

When Nancy first ran for Parliament, she declared: "I am not standing before you as a sex candidate." But she knew how to play on her sex once she arrived. Her first prank was to steal the seat traditionally reserved for Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and there is nothing in the book funnier than the bumbling old gentleman solemnly drawing the attention of the House to this outrage. During the 1920s she carried the concerns of women and women MPs rose to fourteen. Nancy invited the nine Labour women to lunch and proposed that they should drop their Labour allegiance in favour of a Women's Party under her leadership. One of them remarked: "I only she did not have down. She was never happy except in opposition, and yet had to support the National Government. She became a nuisance, a figure of fun.

Though her husband owned *The Observer* and her brother-in-law owned *The Times*, Nancy often had a bad press. In her early days, Horatio Bottomley discovered that she was described in *Who's Who* as the widow of Robert Gould Shaw, though Shaw was in fact still alive. This was meat for Bottomley, who ran a campaign headed: "A Hypocrite of the First Water—The Poor and the Rich." Later Bobby Shaw, the only son of her first marriage, caused her further trouble. He was convicted of a homosexual offence. Beaverbrook, family, ensured that the story was not mentioned in any newspaper. For his act of disinterested charity he earned no thanks but instead persistent abuse in *The Observer* for his manipulations of the press. Mr Sykes passes over this episode in a single embarrassed sentence.

The worst trouble came in the later 1930s, when Claud Cockburn, editor of *The Week*, discovered a nest of apocryphs in the Cliveden diary. Mr Sykes shows painstakingly that there was not much in the story. There were appeasers at Cliveden, such as Tom Jones or for that matter Lothian. There were many guests of an entirely opposite conviction. Nancy had not the persistence to be a conspirator. But she was often

rash. She gave a lunch for Mr Chamberlain to meet overseas respondents, and he revealed plans for betraying Czechoslovakia. When the news leaked out, Nancy took place. The next day she had only meant to say that Chamberlain had not given any definite interview.

Her last years were sad. Though she did much to inspire the cinema of Plymouth, she also sought refuge for herself. When a contingent of chocolate arrived from America for the Plymouth women and children, she wanted to go into a temper, withdrew to another room where he had a heart attack. After the war their relations grew worse. Nancy withdrew again for Plymouth. Walter prevented her doing so, and she never forgave him. The final blow came when Walter allowed *The Observer* to go left. He and Nancy became virtual strangers, meeting only for occasional weekends. A compensation for abandoning her mouth, Nancy wished to be a peacemaker in her own life. James Stuart, the Tory *Chill*, put the idea to Churchill; there was no answer. Mr Sykes later protested to Stuart that there must have been an answer to some sort. Stuart replied: "Well, if you call an embarrassing long silence followed by an abrupt answer, there was." In mutual dislike between Nancy and Churchill was always intense. She once said to him: "If I saw your wife, I'd put poison in your coffee." Churchill replied: "If you were my wife, I'd drink it."

In her last years she still fired sparks, but increasingly at random. There were also flashes of kindness. During the Profumo case some of the dirt washed on to her son Bill, then the third Viscount Astor. The news was kept from her. The newspapers were cut before she reached her, and some first always rang up just before the 11 o'clock news. One morning she found the papers herself and under lock and key her mother's initials. We could understand her hesitation to read the late Queen Mary is believed to have been somewhat apprehensive about Harold Nicolson's handling of King George V's treatment of his son. It must be remembered that Queen Victoria's children, who had all suffered from their mother's temperament, were naturally reluctant to reveal too much.

Mrs Woodham-Smith is wrong in thinking that there was quite a terrible combustion of Queen Victoria's papers. Certainly, the family references in the Queen's journals were destroyed, and King Edward instructed that some papers should be destroyed. Lady Flora Hastings should be burnt. It is an expression of surprise that a mother, a girl of nineteen, should have known so much of the facts of life. For from being burnt, the Queen's letters were treasured; for example, Princess Beatrice and Lord Esher discovered all the Queen's letters to Melbourne in the vaults at Windsor—an enormously important source for understanding the Queen's personality; there was no question of emasculating or destroying. Many lives were of course attempted without relying on family information. An excellent book by John Ponsonby, a good book by Edith Sitwell, and the magnificent biography of Lytton Strachey. Strachey argued that a subject in life: others have argued that there must at least be an affinity between writer and subject. Lytton Strachey triumphed although he was qualified under neither head—unless we accept the view that Queen Victoria was an unpleasant character and that the success of the book rests on the confidence of disagreeable.

All this explains why the life of Queen Victoria remained one of the prizes when the doors of the Royal Archives were unlocked. The *World War* after the Second World War, Elizabeth Fakenham, who was first in the field, and now a decade later we have Mrs Woodham-Smith's first volume. Those who view life as a vast compe-

The fidgety nature of the Queen

CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH:

Queen Victoria: Her Life and Times.
Volume 1: 1819-1861.
486pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4.50.

tion between individuals will inevitably be inquisitive to know which is the better book. We can only say that both are of the highest quality—complementary rather than competitive.

Mrs Woodham-Smith has given us an informative book, beautifully written, with the whole story developed into a memorable and convincing picture against a singularly vivid background of the times. On the constitutional position of the monarchy she is perhaps weak, and also she might have made some allusions to the work of previous tillers of the same ground—that is to say, those who have used material from the Royal Archives for books about the Queen or her family.

This book is delightfully strengthened by those enlightening touches characteristic of the author. For example we learn that the family of the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha allowed her mind to become corrupted by reading Persian poetry; that the Queen loved a glass of beer. She commented on Prince George of Cambridge: "Very ugly and his skin in a shocking state." And on the Conservatives: "Those vile, confounded and infernal Tories." Some readers may be a little startled by Mrs Woodham-Smith's defence of Lord Palmerston, when he went on a routine expedition through the ladies' bedrooms at Windsor Castle; she says that he was single at the time. It was the place selected, not his marital status, which constituted the offence.

The first third of the book covers the time before the Queen's accession, and Mrs Woodham-Smith has much that is new to tell us about the years of "indestructible torments"—the language is the Queen's. The "indestructible torments" are of the first importance for an understanding of the Queen's true character, and Mrs Woodham-Smith is clearly right to devote a large slice of her book to them. The picture is of a solitary, friendless girl battling with her mother and her mother's advisor, Sir John Conroy ("the Conroy family"), as they were collectively called, who were determined that when the girl came to the throne power and riches should come to them. Gossips inevitably believed that they were bound together by the ties of illicit love: such a belief is amusing rubbish. There is possibly a little more to be said for the Duchess and indeed Conroy than Mrs Woodham-Smith allows. It is probably true that the latter pilfered some of the Duchess's money or, more kindly, got entangled between

income and ancient debts. It is less certain—as this book implies—that Conroy robbed Princess Sophia. The Princess's legal advisers were astounded to find that, when she died after enjoying a large income with few expenses, nothing remained. It is possible—and there is some evidence for this—that her fortune was privately distributed in charity. We should remember that Conroy's possible peculations are but the frills of the story. Stockmar, the private adviser to the Royal Family and always extraordinarily fair and judicious in all court transactions, pointed out to the Duchess that Conroy's devotion to her interests was absolute. He went on to say that, although Conroy's behaviour was reprehensible, the real reason for those squabbles might lie in "the innate personality of the Princess".

Certainly a memorandum from the Duchess to her daughter, which is marked by feeling and good sense and was written during the height of the troubles, makes the point that if mother and daughter differed the daughter always made the mistake of assuming that "I am angry". As the reader goes deeper in the book he is able to enjoy some of the private memoranda from the Prince to the Queen with allusion to "your loss of self-control" and "fidgety nature". Husband and mother had to struggle with a difficult temperament, but here Mrs Woodham-Smith might have explained an important point which is more to the credit of the Queen's character. Most wives receive such letters from their husbands might have tried to profit from the scolding, but would have certainly destroyed the missives. We may believe that the Queen kept them as a reminder of the naturally impulsive temper with which she had to contend all the days of her life.

This nervous excitable temper of the Hanoverian family, which was inherited through George III, was strongly pronounced in both Queen Victoria and Princess Charlotte. The fascination of the life of the Queen—so far as its personal elements are concerned—lies in the influence of the Hanoverian temperament over the actions of the Sovereign.

This volume closes with the death of the Prince Consort and the question, "What is going to happen to the Queen now?" How would the temperament behave without the guidance of the Prince? Then comes the account of the remarkable about something Melbourne said to her when she ascended the throne. As Queen you will have "much more command over yourself and find you can keep your temper in very well now". Or did it may seem to ask the question, "What is going to happen to the Queen now?" Then comes the day in 1861, when the Princess, restore that command over herself which she lost on February 10, 1840—her wedding day?

False pretender

MORAY McLAREN:

Bonnie Prince Charlie.
223pp. Hart-Davis. £2.50.

As its title indicates, this book is a standard example of Jacobite hagiography, and may well serve as such for this generation. It does not go deep, offers no fresh material and has nothing new to say. But it is pleasantly and not floridly written and covers the ground adequately, naturally giving most space to the 1745 rising but not shirking narration of his hero's "life of trifles" during his later years.

Representing Charles Edward as "a soul consumed with the desire to play a role of destiny" and the failure of his campaign as a "disgrace" to the Jacobite cause, Moray McLaren is neither Jacobite nor a city. The names of Lords Loudoun and Semphill are consistently misspelled and Mackintosh of Mackintosh's wife is wrongly styled "Lady Anne". But this is a pastiche of careless phrases, may be due to the lack of a final revision.

Derby; and, curiously, twice calls him "the old man" though he was only fifty-one. He refers to the government forces as "the English" or "the Campbells" and "the Jacobite forces" as "the Whigs" and uses "Whig" as a term not merely political but pejorative.

On a few matters the author appears negligent. He gives no attention to the Jacobite army's reception in Dumfries, to the stubborn defence of Fort William, or to naval operations. The fact that the Prince's daughter Charlotte had three children by a French cardinal was amply proved more than twenty years ago and cannot now be struggled off as a rumour. Inverness, styled "a strongly Jacobite city", was neither Jacobite nor a city. The names of Lords Loudoun and Semphill are consistently misspelled and Mackintosh of Mackintosh's wife is wrongly styled "Lady Anne". But this is a pastiche of careless phrases, may be due to the lack of a final revision.

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The Lords' case-load

LOUIS BLOM-COOPER AND
GAVIN DREWRY

Final Appeal

A Study of the House of Lords in its Judicial Capacity.

584pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press. £10.

The central purpose of *Final Appeal*, the authors say, is "to subject the present judicial functions exercised by the House of Lords to careful scrutiny, to arrive at an informed evaluation of various aspects of the appellate system". The book is an "attempt to analyse in depth the functions of [a] British court, employing the increasingly refined methodological and statistical techniques which have been developed and widely used in numerous other areas of social research".

The authors are up against one unavoidable difficulty from the start; but they make things worse for themselves in three quite avoidable ways. Fundamentally, the raw material of science is facts upon which people are agreed. Even when the facts are not easy to ascertain (e.g. the monthly United Kingdom balance of payments) it is possible, by establishing a firm through artificial conventions, to produce a run of agreed figures. But the raw material of jurisprudence is disagreement. The same is true, though to a lesser extent, of politics; and what would anyone think of a run of figures purporting to show the number of issues raised in each general election since 1900?

The judicial arrangements of the House of Lords are designed to bring up cases, and so far as possible only cases, on which even lawyers—the experts—cannot agree. What can the refined methodological techniques of social science offer here? Not very much, it seems, that will help to improve the law and its workings. To discover how many doctors have blue eyes and how many brown, how many play golf and how many rugger, is not very valuable medically; and the same, *mutatis mutandis*, must regrettably be said of this book. You might think that the question of how far Scottish law has been

anglicized by the existence for nearly three centuries of a right of appeal to London was one which could be settled statistically, by reference to agreed facts, by the authors "are aware that a question like this can be tackled only on a highly subjective basis" and that "conceivably, the reduction of issues of law to mere statistics does, in this instance, more harm than good". But this is probably the broadest and most generalized question of fact discussed in the whole book; if statistics and social scientific techniques won't work here, what use can they be for this sort of purpose at all?

And of course the authors admit that nothing much does emerge from all their tables anyway. Their evaluations are nakedly subjective, and this in many cases makes them very vulnerable. At their peril do they say things like "the well-thought-out pronouncements of Lord Diplock in *Rookes v Barnard* on the principles relevant to the law of damages, particularly the 'disposal of the law', when Lord Devlin's pronouncement gave rise, in *Cassell v Branson* this year, to the astonishing attempt by the Court of Appeal to reverse the House of Lords, and was admitted, when *Cassell* came to the Lords, to have been in various respects unfortunate. Similarly, if they advocate one combined opinion and a streamlined system of hearing in Lords' cases, they should be prepared to fend off an inflated Transport and General Workers' Union, who have applied to the Lord Chancellor for an unprecedented "review" of the case of *Heaton* against them, on the ground that these procedures were used by the Lords in hearing the case again, is it reasonable, after displaying throughout the book a contempt for the subject, to come down so clearly against poor *Rookes* (of *Rookes v Barnard*), a victim of oppression if ever there was one? And finally, though they may have strong views on the *Ladies' Directorate* case (*Shaw v DPP*), and may much approve Lord Reid's dissent therein, it is imprudent, perhaps, to refer to the period of that case as "the dark ages", unlikely to return, when the Law Lords (Lord Reid

this time assenting) have just done it again in *Knuller and Others v DPP* (the *IT* case).

But the authors' weakness of language goes further than mere prudishness in the expression of opinion on substantive issues. "We know no fury," we are told, "than of Lord Simon when the Appeal Committee was set up in 1969. This is gratuitously silly; Lord Simon was an old man, a supremely intelligent man, an ex-Lord Chancellor with many years of experience in politics, who single-handedly brought down in that period a Government Bill on Ireland as it stood around that it was constitutionally wrong. On the Appellate Committee, he was voicing wholly sane and proper doubts on the wisdom of forcing Parliament and the Courts yet further apart. The two had been much closer (in his lifetime) when the Courts sat in Westminster Hall; and to weaken the remaining link between them by splitting up judicial and parliamentary functions of the House of Lords was only to be done upon clear necessity. That necessity existed; it was the origin of my awakening to a quarter past four; and so the Lords could not sit, as they had to do now, in the House of Lords. Lord Simon (with many others) was undoubtedly right to be troubled by the situation."

Lastly, it must be said that the authors are not reliable in their history. This is a pity, because there was always a note of personal address, as though they had served together as young men in Duncan's army, but had subsequently drifted apart. I cannot recall his ever saying to punish a boy for misbehaviour, though he did keep a large wooden sword with which to strike a stolen blow at the inattentive; and he was a dirty book cupboard as a danger for persistent offenders.

Well, there it is. The book does contain a great mass of facts and figures, particularly between 1952 and 1969, and there is much, of course, that is interesting in the presentation of these facts. But the method of presentation is such that reason and helpful conclusions cannot be drawn, and so the authors fall back on subjective impressions, the value of which for many people will be limited, by the language in which they are clothed.

BEN JONSON, who was a boy at Westminster under William Camden, recorded his gratitude to his former headmaster in verse:

Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know...

In the myths we build around the memory of our own childhood, the teacher to whom I owe everything has a central role; to him we attribute the decisive leaps in our intellectual development; his eccentricities acquire the power of legends; even when we leave him far behind, his shadow seems to fall across our path. How formidable they are in retrospect, these great teachers of the past! It is inconceivable that they had problems of discipline or engaged in anything as sordid as salary negotiations. They were a law unto themselves, remote from fashionable trends and disdainful of the trappings of authority that sustained their less individual colleagues.

In my own schooldays, I had the good fortune to encounter at least two such figures: Walter Strachan, who corresponded with Aragon and took tea with Henry Moore, and to whose Highgate terrace French periods I can use the origin of my awakening to literature and art; and Charles Mallows, a more complex phenomenon, who communicated a lively enthusiasm for Latin and English authors by implying that the writers and their characters were acquaintances with whom he was on more or less familiar terms.

When Charles Mallows spoke of Machiavelli, as though they had served together as young men in Duncan's army, but had subsequently drifted apart. I cannot recall his ever saying to punish a boy for misbehaviour, though he did keep a large wooden sword with which to strike a stolen blow at the inattentive; and he was a dirty book cupboard as a danger for persistent offenders. Henry knows what the National Council for Civil Liberties would have made of it all. No doubt we

DOERS AND THINKERS—2

Born teachers and made

BY JOHN RAE

were denied all sorts of fundamental children's rights, but one we did enjoy: the right to be well taught.

The assumptions implicit in these memory-myths are, of course, that men such as these were born teachers, possessed of some natural gift for communicating enthusiasm and inspiring respect; that they needed neither the benefits of training nor the fruits of experiment; and that we, their heirs, are "a right sort of lot", inhibited by educational theory and confused by the findings of research. But such assumptions are based on a false dichotomy between teaching as an art in which success is dependent on certain innate qualities developed by experience, and teaching as a science which requires its practitioners to keep abreast of the latest research and techniques. Though the dichotomy is false, it still informs the attitudes of some teachers and a large section of the public. On the whole, it is those outside the schools who believe that the ability to teach is comparable to the gift of

tongues: you may be born with it, you may possibly have it thrust upon you by some supernatural agency, but you can never acquire it however hard you try. At the other extreme, there are some within the schools who think that familiarity with the most recent research publications is a sure foundation for success in the classroom. Most of us like to think that we combine an openness to research findings with the qualities of a born teacher. Quite apart from whether we do in fact possess the latter, do we take more than a superficial interest in educational theory? While paying lip-service to the value of research, are we consciously or unconsciously identifying ourselves with the great teachers of the past who appear to have got on very well without it?

In the past twenty-five years there has been a dramatic development in the scope and sophistication of research that bears on the problems of education. The 1944 Education Act might be taken as the starting-

point for this great leap forward; the provision of different types of secondary school made it necessary to develop and refine techniques for selecting pupils; and though these techniques and the whole philosophy they symbolized have been rejected by many, they gave an impetus to educational research that has gathered momentum ever since. The launching of the National Foundation for Educational Research (NFER) in 1947 ensured that independent, high-quality research was available in government and local authorities; though it was not until David Eccles set up his Curriculum Study Group, out of which the Schools Council developed in 1964, that the link between research worker and teacher was clearly established.

Each step increased the volume of research, each investigation raised new questions, each inquiry exposed new areas that needed to be explored. Over his tea in the common room after a difficult period, the teacher may be inclined

to believe that the volume of research expands to meet the needs of those who cannot be otherwise employed. But once modern research techniques had broken into the field of education, it was inevitable that the area of inquiry should be increased, not diminished. I remember my supervisor saying, when I thought my doctoral thesis would be regarded as the last word on the subject, that all I had done was to place a lamp in a dark corner and revealed the extent of the work that still needed to be done. This may be disappointing for the researcher and exhausting for anyone trying to keep up to date, but it is characteristic of all research. So the teacher (and the administrator) now shares with his counterparts in other fields the dilemma that he cannot hope to read all the published material that might be relevant to his task.

For the teacher this problem may well be more acute because his role is so diffuse that it is difficult to know where to set the limits on what he should be reading. A medical consultant may complain that it is impossible to read all that is published on his specialty, but at least he knows what it is he is unable to achieve. It is far less easy to say where a teacher's job begins and ends. Where, for example, do I set the limits of relevant research if I am teaching immigrant children of primary school age in an Educational Priority Area? Is the work on "cultural deprivation" my concern or the teachers? Should I know what conclusions on the relationship between educational attainment and environmental factors lie buried in the appendices of the *Plowden Report*? Must I check on Bert Townsend's work on the attitudes of immigrants? Should I grasp Basil Bernstein and adapt my language to the needs of the working class? Should I read Halsey? How relevant for me is the work done in the West Riding EPA on cooperation with the mothers of pre-school children over the teaching of reading? Can I function at all without being familiar with the work of June Derrick and Jim Wright in the field of immigrants' language problems? If the list is

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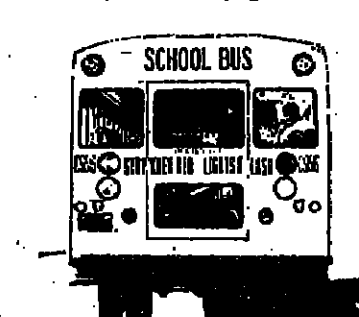
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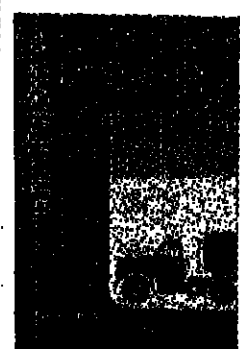
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not strictly endless, to the teacher who has to cope with the routine load of preparation and teaching it must sometimes appear that each new research finding rises before him with the depressing certainty of Banquo's descendants.

To speak of Educational Research therefore is, as George Steiner would say, to use words in the most provisional sense. So much research in different fields can throw light on educational problems that some more accurate definition seems necessary. There is a distinction between basic or fundamental research, such as that concerned with the psychology of learning, and applied (or in the glibly official jargon "developmentally oriented") research, such as the various Nuffield/Schools Council projects. But the distinction is by no means clear-cut because the Nuffield projects were based, at least partly, on the fundamental research of educational psychologists. Fundamental research is more likely to be the concern of NFER and of various university departments.

Though it may be commissioned by "education" in the form of the DES or the Schools Council, this will not always be the case, nor will those engaged on the research necessarily have had experience of teaching. Teachers sometimes talk as though they believed that it is impossible for anyone to understand the true nature of education unless he has worked in a classroom. Quite apart from suggesting an unattractive mixture of arrogance and insecurity, this view is clearly nonsense when applied to fundamental research. We should no more regard teaching experience as a necessary qualification for research work on the relationships in the classroom, than we would insist that an investigator of the relationship between prostitute and client was preceded by a spell of service in a brothel.

Teachers are on much firmer ground when they demand that those engaged on applied research should have some personal knowledge of the realities of the classroom. Nothing is more calculated to discredit this type of research than the suspicion that it is being conducted by those who have never known what it is like to face the bloody-mindedness of Shall B on one of his bad days. Fortunately, the evidence suggests that such suspicion would be unfounded. The importance of teaching experience is widely recognized by those who sponsor applied research. The Schools Council exists, after all, to ensure that such research is geared to the needs of the classroom. The members of the Council's Research Team, headed by Professor Jack Wrigley, average eighteen years' teaching experience per man, and this should be sufficient to lull the suspicions of all but the most prejudiced teachers.

It may be, however, that in some cases the teaching experience was brief and is now long forgotten. When this is true, the military analogy (used by David Jones in a different context) applies: though all research workers are aboriginally of the infantry, continued employment away from the unit is bound to breed a staff mentality. Perhaps the answer is that those engaged for long periods on applied research, particularly those in university departments of education, should be obliged, from time to time, to return to their units for a spell of active service. (I am aware that if the military metaphor is pushed too far, Shall B becomes the metaphor.) Some of those working in departments of education who research work is based on the Language Teaching Centre at York; has for several years taught French in a local secondary school. Even if the members of other departments do not follow Professor Hawkins's example, their commitment to initial and in-service training must mean that they would find it difficult to get out of touch with what goes on in a classroom.

Whoever conducts educational research, its value will depend on how effectively its results are communicated. The survey carried out by Cane and Schroeder in 1968 indicated that communication between researcher and teacher was at best haphazard. Since then, the most successful link between research theory and classroom practice has been in those disciplines that have been the subject of research projects sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation. But in relation to many other aspects of research, the prob-

lem of communication is still with us. There are difficulties on both sides. Although the Schools Council wishes its research reports to be useful to teachers, it understandably declines to publish them in popular form for easy reading during morning break; on their side, teachers usually dislike research language and, when faced with complex tabulations and analyses, experience that sense of being excluded from the truth that most of us feel when trying to understand a balance sheet. Teachers may read summaries of research reports in journals such as *Where?*, but publication alone will never be an effective method of disseminating research information.

In an ideal world, the interest in recent research would be generated in many different ways: by the Inspectorate, by teachers' centres, by in-service training and by publications. If the third cycle recommended by the James Report is implemented, the ideal world will be a little closer. Meanwhile some teachers will remain, if not hostile to research, then unenthusiastic about it. Their critics will say they are conservative; less charitable observers will accuse them of being afraid that their bluff will be called at last. It is true that the diffuseness of the teacher's role, and the difficulty of measuring his success, introduce into his attitude, because he welcomes the research, because it makes his job more interesting and professional, he fears that so many people are getting in on the act that the time may come when the distinctive person, "the teacher," will disappear altogether. But I cannot feel feeling that if teachers appear to resist research, the reason may be pushed for time. I am aware that headmasters have little time to read and reflect, and if this is true of Westminster, where life still retains a certain gracefulness of style, it is not surprising that those who face tougher schedules can digest only what is strictly relevant to their daily task. And if a headmaster does not have time to read research reports throughout the day, it is not that he will fail to invent but that his innovations will be based on a superficial understanding. With the results of educational research, a little learning is a very dangerous thing.

Whatever the difficulties of communication that still exist, it is undeniable that in the past ten years a greater openness to recent research has been achieved. Research has had a significant effect on what we teach and how we teach it. Some changes have resulted from the acceptance of research findings by those who decide policy at national and local level, but there is much else that has been of direct concern to the teacher, from work of general interest, such as Piagetian studies, to work in very specialized fields, such as the definition and treatment of developmental dyslexia. Problems of communication between theoretician and practitioner should be seen therefore in the context of an education service that is already responding to the stimulus of a variety of research findings.

If that were the end of the story, it would be possible to look forward to increasing sympathy and respect between the teachers and the researchers of which the pupils in our schools would be the chief beneficiaries. But such an optimistic view presupposes an educational debate that is conducted with good will and reasoned argument. Unfortunately, there have been moments in recent years when education has become a religious issue, by which I mean that men have been seized with a passionate faith that their way to salvation was the right one and have not hesitated to vilify and even persecute those who disagreed with them. There have even been times when the intolerance and bigotry have been suggestive of a religious war. It is inevitable that research, which is a powerful but neutral force, should be wooed or coerced by one or other of the warring parties. When this happens the research itself may be discredited and its subsequent influence reduced.

What the protagonists will not accept is that research is neutral and that it cannot express its findings in terms of "the right policy" or "the correct aim." Research will help to change attitudes and contribute to the formulation of policy, but it will not prove that a particular policy is right or wrong. The

investigation into the results of streaming may be taken to illustrate the way in which objective research can find itself embroiled in the educational religious war. What the investigation showed was that streaming schools produce certain effects more strongly than unstreamed schools, and that streaming was not, after all, the crucial factor that its advocates and opponents believed. What the investigation did not show was that the effects of streaming were more or less desirable than the effects of unstreaming. That is a matter of government not by researchers. None of this prevented the Red and Black parties in education from conspiring the results of the investigation into their own army. The Reds called for the abolition of streaming which had been shown to be harmful and to deny equality of opportunity; the Blacks insisted that the investigation had vindicated streaming by showing that it produced better results for more gifted children.

There are times when the most skilful manipulation of research findings cannot help the cause, and it is not uncommon for the integrity of the research workers to be questioned and for the research itself to be dismissed as tendentious. Much that is written about education is tendentious. If the metaphor of the religious war is continued, there are numerous mercenaries riding their random and irresponsible course over the field, wearing the arms of opposition spokesmen or "celebrated" novelists, and stirring the conflict with trite but emotive statements about more meaning work or the tyranny of exams. And even objective researchers are sometimes guilty of mistakes that make it seem that they are *parti pris*. In a recent case, research workers who reported that their investigations showed that children in large forms were faster readers either failed to notice or failed to emphasize that headmasters often placed the faster readers in large forms because these children required less personal attention. But the integrity of those who lead research teams for NFER, for the Schools Council or for university departments is not in doubt.

Educational research may be open to abuse by those who are more interested in dogma than truth. But there is in administration and in the maintained and independent schools a large number of men and women who are the *politiques* of the educational religious war, who subscribe to neither Red Papers nor Black, who reject bigotry whether it masquerades as equality of opportunity or as the preservation of educational standards, and who respect the integrity and recognize the value of research. They have their ideals, but they do not have illusions; they know that research has its limitations because they know that success in education is difficult to define and therefore to measure. (Indeed, this would seem to be one of the strongest arguments for retaining the competition provided by schools outside the maintained system.) Whatever its limitations, research is the ally of the *politiques* because it helps to ensure that the debate on education is based on rational argument.

The last word should be with the pupils. They know little, if anything, about educational research, but they know with the certainty of those who have suffered long that changes in teaching method, in school organization, in educational philosophy, are not worth a box of chalk unless the man or woman standing in front of them can control the class and communicate enthusiasm. Ben Jonson understood:

What name, what skill, what faith
What sight in searching the dark in things!
What weight, and what authority
In thy speech!
Man scarce can make that doubt,
but thou canst teach.

Research will be of increasing value to us, not least in its determination to remain neutral and objective, but it will also tend to confirm what the children have always known: that the most important factor in education is the quality of the teachers themselves.

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BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

PETER STANSKY and WILLIAM ABRAHAMSON The Unknown Orwell Slip, Constable. £3.

Not altogether unknown and not completely Orwell, one is inclined to say. And the paradoxes that begin with the title continue throughout the book of its subject's first thirty years, it is designated "a study of Eric Blair Orwell". It contains false assumptions and interpretations, but also important truths. Unsatisfactory as seen as a whole, it still leaves a great deal to the authors for their study in research, their often unperceptions, and the neutral safety of their tone.

The basic reason for the book's unsatisfactory character rests in the circumstances of its conception. The name of Sonia Orwell is not in the title, and Peter Stansky and William Abrahamson have not been given permission to quote passages of any length from her letters or letters. In the case of another writer this might not matter much, but Orwell wrote, one might say, a lot about himself. "Such, Such Were the Joys" is an incomparably vivid personal collection of a small boy's misery at prep school, and there are several passages of what amount to autobiography among the journalism and letters. From all this the authors have been excluded except by comment or paraphrase, and the result is inevitably a lop-sided book which relies for background details of Stansky's largely on Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise* in place of Orwell's own account, and remains a good deal of padding, such as a whole page about the book of Kitchener, and the reproduction in full of Connolly's threat to Blair's own poem, which has somehow slipped through the rejection.

These deficiencies were inevitable, but they are compounded by the authors' own errors. Their idea that Eric Blair became George Orwell by an act of will, that "Blair was the man to whom things happened; Orwell the man who wrote about them" is superficially attractive, but it does not bear examination. So far from the change being an act of will it was almost accidental, prompted by reluctance to put his own name to *Down and Out in Paris and London*, so far from Blair being an active agent and Orwell a meditative commentator, more interesting "things happened" to Orwell than to Blair. In a sense, of course, the publication of his first book is a climactic point in any writer's life, but the true emotional change for Orwell came in 1939 when he shrugged off the revolutionary trappings he had been wearing uneasily, and slipped into the casual clothes of an English radical. The kind of distinction made here between "the patriot and the radical" is simply wrong. Patriot and radical cohabited happily during Orwell's last decade.

The other error of interpretation relates to the question of class attitudes, something which worries the authors, and which they worry away at themselves like faithful hounds with a deficient sense of smell. The English class structure, they say, is not confined just to upper, middle and lower, and "one is only slightly nearer a resolution

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How Eric Blair became George Orwell?

When the minimum number of categories is enlarged to five: aristocracy, upper, middle, lower, and working class. What about upper-middle and lower-middle, they ask? Which was Orwell? Such questions were to the young Eric Blair, they say, "of the gravest import". Well, feelings about class played a part in Orwell's life, but to view the subject in this mechanistic way, to suggest that Blair/Orwell's relationships were inevitably coloured by class feeling, is to go hopelessly astray. Perhaps the authors, both American, have taken too seriously Christopher Hollis's remark that anybody who met Orwell was certain to recognize him as an old Etonian. Many of the people Orwell knew would have found it hard to tell an Etonian from a Wykehamist, or either from a grammar school product.

It is time to justify those phrases about assiduity and perceptiveness. By tracking down friends and acquaintances of Eric Blair, by talking to anybody who would talk to them, and by using well-chosen extracts from radio programmes, the authors give us a good deal of new information, and some fresh insights. Mrs Vaughan Wilkes, the housemistress of St Cyprian's in Blair's time, told them that Blair was unresponsive to her attempts to cheer him up, and altogether was "not an affectionate little boy". Roger Beadon, who went out with

Blair to join the Indian Police, was as friendly with him as perhaps anybody in Burma, but as the authors say, it was friendship "with a minimum of commitment on either side", and when they parted after taking examinations there was no suggestion that they would keep in touch.

For the most part, what we are given in relation to St Cyprian's and Eton is a filling-out of detail, an enlargement of what is already known. When it comes to life in Burma, and the subsequent dips into the depths of society, however, a lot of new information is provided, together with some shrewd and interesting conjectures. The puzzle of the departure to Burma is more or less solved. Since Blair rejected the idea of Oxford or Cambridge, what was there better than the family tradition of colonial service? There is an explanation of the entry into the police (no costly training, enough money to live on, pension at forty), although it still seems a strange choice for a school rebel. Perhaps, as is suggested here, Blair had in his mind a "dreamscape" of Burma, and the return to England and they are in themselves a justification of the book. *The Unknown Orwell* has the limitations already indicated, but unlike most of the things written about George Orwell it does add to our knowledge and understanding of its subject.

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responsibility and the lack of intellectual company. The four-and-a-half years there would have crushed some, turned others into servants of the imperial machine. In Blair's case they were a toughening influence. When he returned, loneliness came easy. Between 1926 and 1933, according to the authors, "he effectively withdrew from his fellow Etonians". Whether or not this is literally true, he certainly made an attempt to cancel the past. The low-life excursions played the part principally of providing material for a writer who seems to have found little around him that he wanted to write about.

Orwell himself said that after Burma he felt it necessary to experience life in the lowest strata of English society. It is plausibly suggested here that *Down and Out in Paris and London*, which he much admired, was a guidepost for his procedure, and interesting similarities are pointed out between London's approach and Orwell's. There is a disconcerting element of play-acting about these excursions in old clothes, from which he would return to his parents' house in Southwold or to a room in London, and the effect of *Down and Out* is diminished when it is realized that he could have escaped from life as a *pioneur* at any time by borrowing money. But a better way of viewing these visits to the underworld would be that they were a necessary part of this particular writer's education. The visits went on intermittently for five years and then, as is accurately remarked here, "the publication of *Down and Out* they stopped. They had served their artistic purpose, as well as the personal one of expiating guilt about the career in Burma.

Any future writer about Orwell's life and attitudes will have to take account of these chapters about Burma and the return to England and they are in themselves a justification of the book. *The Unknown Orwell* has the limitations already indicated, but unlike most of the things written about George Orwell it does add to our knowledge and understanding of its subject.

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THOMAS BADINGTON MACAULAY:
Selected Writings
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453pp. University of Chicago Press.
£6.75

Macaulay's cogency and readability are so extraordinary, and his self-assurance is so alien to modern doubt, that it is easy to think of him as a symbol rather than a man who developed like the rest of us a fully-armed liberal spring from the head of Jove. It is easy, too, to attach to an author so vigorous views which he did not in fact hold. His essays and occasional pieces, from which this selection is for the most part made (it also includes two of the most famous chapters from his *History of England*) have suffered from being reprinted too often to be given away at prize-givings as models of prose style. He moulders unread in thousands of small-type, calf-bound, Victorian editions.

But Macaulay did develop, and a careful reading of this selection will demonstrate that he held many views that do not correspond at all with the stereotype of the Victorian intellectual which has been stamped on him. The editors, for instance, have retrieved his defence—uncollected so far—of London University, which turns out to be a massive attack on Oxford and Cambridge and on the virtues claimed for a classical education. All the more impressive coming from a Cambridge classic: "We say, provide for the mind as you provide for the body—first necessities, then conveniences, lastly luxuries. Under which of these heads do the Greek and Latin languages come? Surely under the last." As for Oxford and Cambridge, his most withering language is aimed at their precious corporate identity, and at the motivation (a word of course which he did not know) of their students.

Who ever employed a French master for four years without improving himself in French? ... Of those who go to our universities... a large proportion are attracted, not by the desire to learn the things studied there, but by their wish to acquire certain privileges. ... Erect the teachers of French into a corporation. Give them the power of conferring degrees. Enact that no person who cannot produce a certificate attesting that he has been for a certain number of years a student at this academy shall be suffered to keep a shop, and we will venture to predict, that there will soon be thousands who... will not understand the meaning of "Parlez-vous Français?"

His justly celebrated Minute on Indian Education was no less withering about traditional studies. The students subsidised to study Persian and Arabic had positioned for official posts as the only jobs they were capable of filling:

These are surely the first petitioners who ever demanded compensation for having been educated gratis—for having been supported by the public during twelve years. ... They represent their education as an injury which gives them a claim on the Government for redress. ... I doubt not that they are in the right. They have wasted the best years of life in learning what procures them neither bread nor respect. Surely we might with

advantage have saved the cost of making these persons useless and miserable: surely men may be brought up to be burdens on the public and objects of contempt to their neighbours at a somewhat less charge to the state.

René Huberman could not have put it more effectively in his *Unesco* minute on education in underdeveloped countries. His minute was suppressed. Macaulay's made English the language of higher education on the Indian sub-continent, with incalculable and lasting consequences for India and the world. He had no qualms about what he was proposing: it was access to

all the vast intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said that the literature now extant in English is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together.

Some people regarded Macaulay as a machine—a book in breeches is the well-known sneer. But there was passion also in his composition. His intellect, at any rate judged by standards of subtlety, was not in the first class but he felt the passion of the intellectual process. His ideas of the intellect were not mere attitudes and convictions were not mere attitudes. Nowhere is Macaulay's human intellectuality more clearly expressed than in a comparison between his assault on Southey and his defence, many years afterwards, of the Ten Hours Bill.

The attack on Southey is the classic confrontation between laissez-faire liberalism and romantic, interventionist conservatism. Macaulay sums up his opponent's position as "rose-bushes and poor-rates rather than steam-engines and independence". Macaulay easily convicts Southey of lacking even the spark and intellect of a real conservative. The piece breathes the spirit of the purest laissez-faire liberalism. Yet on the Ten Hours Bill Macaulay spoke for intervention, and uttered sentiments which have an almost socialist ring about them. The state should intervene to protect not only the health but the morals of its subjects; and above all, after a tremendous peroration, comes the utterance:

Man, man, is the great instrument that produces wealth. ... If ever we are forced to yield the foremost place among commercial nations, we shall yield it not to a race of degenerate dwarfs, but to some people preeminently vigorous in body and in mind.

These are hardly the words of a rigorous utilitarian or a cold believer in the efficacy of the market economy. Macaulay's intellectuality was infused with humanity, even if, for us at any rate, it is spoiled by an obtrusive buoyancy about the English character and the prospects that lay before humanity. It was completely ignorant about poverty and bad conditions, but he firmly believed things had grown better and would grow better still. Indeed he foresaw the consequences of technological advance with astonishing exactness so far as material existence was concerned. By 1930, he prophesied, "machines, constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house." What he could not foresee was that progress itself might begin to have a stale taste. He had every endorsement except profundity.

GEORFFREY PARKER:
The Army of Flanders and the Spanish Road 1567-1659
309pp. Cambridge University Press.
£7.10.

The perpetual appeal of the sixteenth-century Dutch revolt against Spain has been the spectacle of a small nation defying a great one. Equipped with the world's most advanced weapons, the Spaniards were still unable to win. From 1567, when forces were first sent out to the Netherlands, the rebels held out for eighty years. Not until 1648, long after the Dutch had become a significant power, did Spain recognize their independence. The lengthy attempts at subjugation proved to be a costly burden and Spanish participation in their criticism: "The war in the Netherlands," a minister of Philip IV observed ruefully, "has been the total ruin of this monarchy."

Geoffrey Parker's closely-documented doctoral thesis gives us a detailed evaluation of the problems involved in Spain's imperial commitment, and in the process illuminates many facets of how to get soldiers to the Netherlands, and how to pay them when they got there. Virtually the whole of the book is concerned with these two problems. Ideally Spain would have liked to employ its own crack Castilian troops, but though they are the best soldiers in the world, as a contemporary French writer conceded "there are so few of them that scarcely five or

six thousand of them can be raised at a time". It was necessary to recruit Germans, Italians, even Englishmen (Guy Fawkes was among several English Recusants who took service with Spain in Flanders). This relatively straightforward exercise turned into a major political problem when it came to persuading belligerent states to allow free passage to recruits bound for the Netherlands. When the English and Dutch established mastery over the Channel, the sea route was effectively closed and the Spaniards were forced to rely exclusively on the "Spanish Road", the all-important land route that led from Lombardy northwards through the Rhineland. It was this *Ho Chi Minh* trail, on which Spain relied absolutely for both men and supplies, that later became a ceaseless target for French and Swedish attacks in the seventeenth century.

In practice Spain managed to retain control of the Road until the Thirty Years War changed the military equilibrium in favour of France. Where the chief failure occurred was in financing the army of Flanders. A loose amalgam of various nationalities (Spaniards seldom made up more than one quarter of a force), the Crown found enormous difficulty in paying. Alba's period as commander was the only time when the Netherlands itself was successfully forced to pay for the Spanish operation. Thereafter the obligation fell on the overburdened Castilian exchequer, with the inevitable sequel of mutinies. The best-known mutiny is the Spanish Fury which devastated Antwerp in 1576. But it was only one of

several; between 1572 and 1622, Parker tells us, there were no less than forty-five mutinies in the army of Flanders. Unpaid wages among the common soldiers were more important than better clothing.

Spain lost the Dutch but Dr Parker professes to be on the English, unless as a plan to express well-meaning criticism of the Spanish war. With all its deficiencies, the best army in Europe, more than adequate for the supply channels, financial situation, and military services, was to lose. In the field it was untested until 1622, when it was utterly defeated by the armies of a later date, the New Model in England, and the Dutch in the North.

Spain's stubbornness in the question (the demand for return to Catholicism) was a barrier to success. The Spaniards and generals preferred the Crown to the rebels in the long run. Yet his admission that Philip II in 1582 the "by force is to talk of a war end". It is one of the great strengths of Dr Parker's very lucid and profound problems that in the Netherlands can be approached with greater confidence as a result of his

CONLER:
An Englishman
Cape. £2.95.

Conler has won a reputation as a novelist, but nobody would expect to find that adjective to sum up his English, unless as a study of his fellow-countrymen. He finds us culturally, emotionally, and even in the garden, a study of his fellow-countrymen. He finds us culturally, emotionally, and even in the garden, a study of his fellow-countrymen.

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